Troy. Let *Paris* bleed tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abrode are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſt.
Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid *and her man.*

Creſ. Who were thoſe went by?
Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen.*
Creſ. And whether goe they?
Man. Vp to the Eaſterne tower,
Whoſe hight commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and ſtrooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goes he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foreſawe,
In *Hectors* wrath. *Creſ.* What was his cauſe of anger.
Man. The noiſe goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*. *Creſ.* Good; and what of him.
Man. They ſay hee is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.
Creſ. So do all men vnleſſe the are dronke, ſicke, or haue no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any mā an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. Hee is melancholy without cauſe and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands, & no vſe: or purblinde *Argus*, al eyes, and no ſight.

Creſ.